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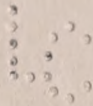
INDIANA SUPPLEMENT

WAYLAND'S HISTORY STORIES FOR
PRIMARY GRADES

BY

Lawrence
C. V. HAWORTH

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SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
KOKOMO



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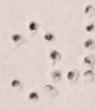
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PREFACE

IN preparing this supplement care has been taken to avoid an academic presentation of history. The purpose has been to interest the children in the history of their own state by making each story appeal to them through the natural interests of the normal child.

The number of stories that might have been used is almost unlimited. Practically every neighborhood has one or more good stories associated with its local history. In most cases the teacher and pupils will find much pleasure in writing up this local material. As these manuscripts accumulate they may be typewritten and made into book form. If this is done, the school will then possess a most interesting and valuable book, made by the pupils themselves.

It is also strongly urged that a map of Indiana be used in connection with these stories.

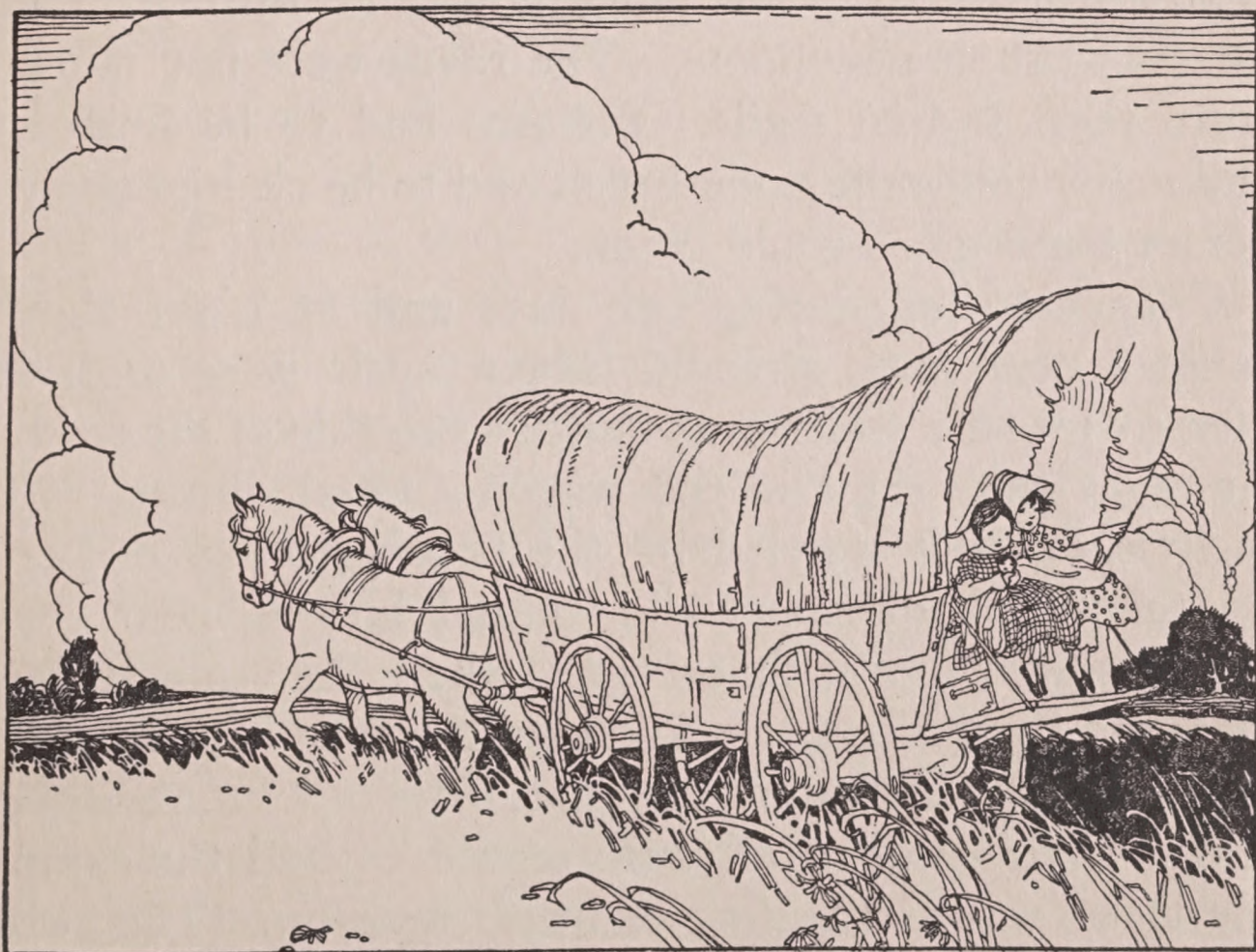
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HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES

MOVING TO INDIANA

Many years ago a little girl by the name of Mary lived in the mountains of eastern Tennessee. She had one older sister whose name was Jane. Mary had blue eyes and dark brown hair. She was strong and she loved to play out-of-doors.



MOVING TO INDIANA IN PIONEER DAYS

Her parents had heard of the wonderful country in the Northwest and decided to move there. Mary's father and an uncle made a visit to the new country and found a good location for a home in the territory called Indiana. These two men returned to Tennessee and sold their land and started with their families for their future homes.

How do you suppose they traveled? Do you think it would be fun to move several hundred miles in a covered wagon? Well, that is the way Mary, Jane, and their parents came to Indiana. They placed all their household goods in a wagon, drawn by two horses, and started across the mountains and through the forests to their new home. The roads were not much more than Indian trails. Streams had to be forded, and many times the underbrush had to be cleared away before the wagons could go on.

They traveled during the day, and at night they camped near some stream. Their meals were cooked over a camp fire which was built at the side of the road. At night they slept in the wagon. Often during the night they were startled by the hooting of an owl or by the shriek of some wild animal lurking near the camp. They never knew just when they might be attacked by the Indians, so one of the men in the company always kept guard at night.

One evening when all were seated around the camp fire there was a crackling of brush near by. The two men grabbed their guns and waited to see what would

happen. Presently a mother bear and her two cubs came out into the open. They had no doubt been attracted to the camp by the smell of the evening meal. Of course the girls were frightened. Mary's father killed the mother bear and her uncle captured the two cubs and brought them into camp. At first they were very much afraid, but they soon made friends with the children and would eat out of their hands. The girls liked the bears so well that they took them to their new home and kept them for a long time. One night some old bears came near their home and the two cubs went away with them and were never seen again.

After being on the road for more than a month the family finally arrived at the place Mary's father had selected for their new home. It was located on a high piece of ground, with a small stream flowing near by. A spring of clear, cool water flowed from the side of the hill. A cabin was soon built and the father began to clear the ground. At first Mary and Jane were very lonesome, but many new settlers moved into the neighborhood and among them were a number of children of their own age.

The Indians at first were very friendly and traded with the white settlers. But their friendship did not last long. The settlers lived in constant fear of Indian attacks and all of them, even the children, were taught to give the alarm if they saw an Indian near the settlement.

One day when Mary was playing in the woods, she saw an Indian skulking from tree to tree. She knew what that meant, but she must not let the Indian know that she saw him. She continued to play for a few minutes and then ran to tell her father what she had seen. Her father immediately fastened the doors and windows of his home and made ready for battle. Mary knew that the neighbors were in danger, so she crept through the fields and warned them that the Indians were coming.

When the Indians came to make their attack, they found the settlers ready for them. So after firing a few shots they went away without doing very much damage.

The people of the community were very proud of Mary.

THE HOUSE THAT TOM BUILT

No doubt you already know the story of "The House That Jack Built." Nobody ever saw the house that Jack built; it was just a "story" house. But the house that Tom built was a real house. He built it in Spencer County, Indiana. Tom and his wife Nancy and their eight-year-old son moved to Spencer County from Kentucky. Abe, the son, was born in Kentucky. They arrived the very year Indiana became a state, 1816.

But what a strange house Tom built! It had no windows, nor doors, nor floor, and only three sides. One side was open to the wind, rain, and snow. Just



PIONEER TOM BUILDING HIS HOME

think of living two years in a house like that. I am sorry to tell you that during this time Abe's poor mother died and was buried in a forest clearing. I am sure that if Abe had been a few years older, his mother would have had a better house to live in.

The next year Abe had a stepmother, who, I am glad to say, treated him very kindly. About this time Tom with the help of Abe, who was then ten years old, finished the house. Five years later the family left Indiana and moved farther west into Illinois. But down in Spencer County there now stands a fine granite monument over the grave of Nancy Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. This grave is surely one of the sacred spots in our state.

After Nancy Lincoln's son became President, he often said that all that he was, he owed to his dear mother. In a rude cabin she taught him to be honest and to love justice. And because Abraham Lincoln loved his fellow man, the people placed him in the President's chair in Washington. So, from the poor log cabin that Tom built, Abraham finally moved into the most famous house in the land, The White House.

A WHITE INDIAN

It was in the summer time. The weather was warm and the settlers were at work. The men were clearing the land and building their homes. The women were busy with their housework and the children were playing in the dooryard. In the forest near by were the Indians. They disliked the white people because they were clearing away the forests, which were their hunting grounds. They finally decided either to kill the white people or to drive them away from their new homes.

So one day without any warning they attacked the white settlement. Many of the men were killed. The women fled from their homes, taking their children with them. One little girl, five years old, ran back to her home unnoticed and tried to hide under the stairway. Her name was Frances Slocum. She was so frightened that she did not know what to do, so she kept very quiet. The Indians, seeing her little feet under the stairway, pulled her out and carried her away with them.

A band of men started out to find Frances and bring her back to her parents. They searched for a long time but she could not be found. Her mother thought surely the Indians would sometime send Frances home. She watched and waited, but Frances did not return. At last, broken-hearted, the mother died.

The Indians liked the little white girl and treated her very kindly. Her only playmates were the Indian children and she soon learned to speak their language and forgot her own. She even forgot her own first name.



THE LITTLE WHITE INDIAN

When she grew to be a woman, she was married to an Indian chief and they lived near an Indiana town called Peru. She was called the White Rose. Her Indian name was Ma-Con-a-Quah. She was very happy now with her family of three children. She liked the Indians and she helped them in every way she could. She never told the story of her capture until she was

very sick and thought she was going to die. A white trader who lived near her home was called to her bedside; to him she told her story. She could not remember very much about her people, except that her family name was Slocum. The trader was interested in her story. He sent word to all parts of the country trying to find some of her relatives. Her father and mother had been dead many years and her two brothers and one sister believed her to be dead. But when they heard about this woman, they said, "It surely is our sister and she is alive. We will find her and bring her back home." They traveled a long distance and finally reached the little Indian village where Frances lived.

At first they could scarcely believe she was their sister, she had changed so much. She was old and could not understand what they said. But when they called her Frances she remembered and knew who they were. Her older brother knew she was his sister because the nail on her left first finger was gone. It had been mashed off when she was a child at home. They were very happy to find the lost sister. And, since she had recovered from her sickness, they wanted to take her back home with them. But she would not go. She had lived with the Indians too long to be satisfied to live with anyone else.

Her brothers and sister returned to their homes in the East and Frances continued to live with the Indians until her death.

A PIONEER CABIN

Have you ever seen a real “for sure” log cabin? How would you like to live in one? All the pioneers who first came to this country had to live in them. Many of our great men were born in cabins. Even the great man, Abraham Lincoln, lived in a cabin for many years. Let us see how a log cabin is made.

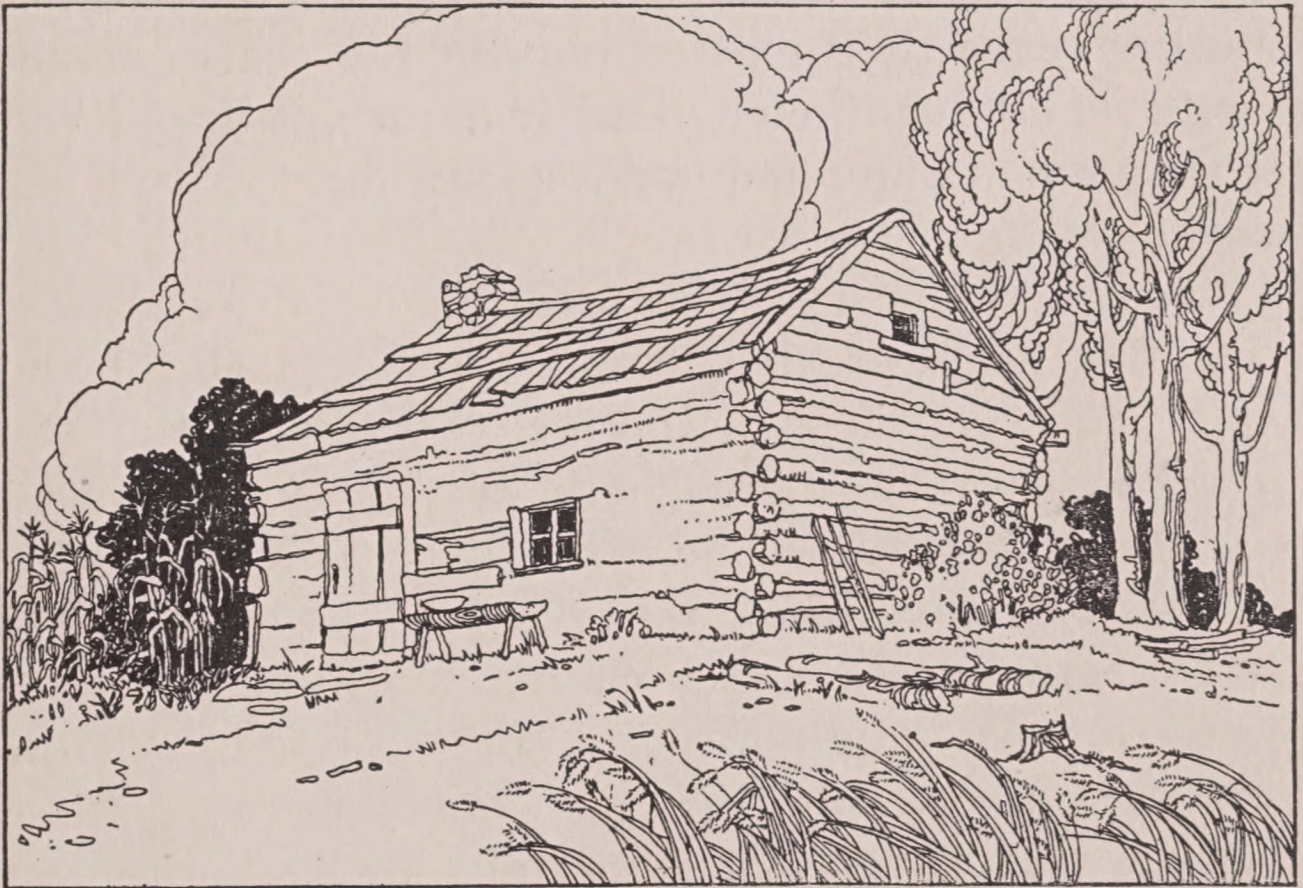
When the pioneers came to this country, an ax was often the only tool they had. After a place for the home had been selected, the men would cut away the trees. Logs of the right length were hewn and placed one above another. The roof was made of rough boards split from the logs. Chunks of wood were placed between the logs, leaving cracks, which were plastered with mud. Usually the door and window were cut on one side. Skins were hung over these openings to keep out the rain and snow. At one end of the cabin was a great fireplace, made of rock and plastered with mud to protect the cabin from fire. Many of the cabins had no floors except the earth.

Beds were made in one corner of the room. A forked stake was driven into the ground and a pole was laid across it to a crack in the wall. Poles were then laid in the other direction and fastened in the end wall. Over these poles were placed branches and leaves.

Skins were used for coverings. In the winter, when the wind blew, snow would drift across the beds.

Some of the cabins were very comfortable. A roaring fire in the fireplace would give heat and light to the entire room.

Tables were made in the same way as the beds, ex-



AN INDIANA PIONEER CABIN

cept that the tops were made of thick boards made with an ax. A log was used for a seat, unless the people were fortunate enough to have an auger; then three-legged stools were made.

Some of the first cabins that were built had but three sides; one side, usually on the south, was left open. Here fires were built and the occupants in the winter

lay with their feet to the fire to keep warm. It was not long before these cabins were replaced with better ones, with wooden floors and with two or more rooms. Wooden doors took the place of skins, and window glass shipped from the east gave the rooms more light.

On winter evenings the children of the pioneers sat around the fireplace listening to their elders tell stories. At other times they roasted nuts in the coals on the hearth. These children had many hardships to endure, yet they were happy and had a good time.

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS

John Johnson was a great hunter. He was one of Indiana's first settlers and spent most of his time in the forest. He was handy with the rifle and very seldom missed a shot. Whenever his family needed meat, he would go out into the woods and before many hours he would return with enough bear and deer meat to do for several weeks. All his neighbors knew of his skill as a hunter. They always wanted John to go with them on their hunting trips.

John disliked to do any kind of farm work and he was always glad of an opportunity to get away with his rifle. He so neglected his farm work that his crops were always the poorest in the neighborhood. His wife was always scolding him because he was so lazy. But her scolding had little or no effect on him, for he continued to hunt whenever it suited his fancy.

One morning in the autumn, John got up very early and told his wife that he was going to look for a panther which had been killing some stock in the neighborhood. He promised to be gone only a short time. But when he got into the woods, he forgot all about his promise and was far away from home when night came on. That night he slept on the ground. The next morning he plunged farther into the forest expecting to overtake the panther. He had not gone far when he discovered

that he was being trailed by Indians. He knew that he was no match for a half dozen well armed savages, and that he must outwit them and get back to the settlement as soon as possible. He started back home and traveled just as fast as he could go. He had not gone far when he knew that the Indians were close behind him. He soon saw two following his tracks. He was growing tired, and something had to be done or he would soon be taken captive or killed. At last he hid behind a tree and waited for the Indians to come in sight. He had his gun ready for instant action. A rifle report rang out and John felt a sharp sting on the side of his head, and his cap fell off. An Indian ran forward thinking he had killed the enemy. But John was only stunned. He raised his gun and fired, killing the Indian. At that he jumped up and ran as fast as he could, hotly pursued by the other Indian, who was some distance behind. John ran to a large fallen tree, jumped upon the trunk, ran along it for some distance, and then slid off and crawled under the tree among some broken branches and leaves. It was a good hiding place, so he decided to lie there until there was a good chance to escape. He lay very quiet for a long time. He heard the Indian as he climbed over the tree and jumped down on the ground a few feet from where he was hidden. After a long time, when everything was quiet, he came out from his hiding place. He saw nothing more of the Indians and reached home the next day thoroughly worn out with his adventure.

At least one good thing resulted from John's experience with the Indians. He did not hunt so much, but paid better attention to his crops. He also had a good story to tell all the rest of his life.

TWO KINGS FIGHT FOR INDIANA

Not very many people living in Indiana ever saw a real king. But that is something for kings to worry about, and not the people of Indiana. I am sure that we are glad that we have no kings in our state. The kings who a long time ago fought for Indiana did not live in this country. They lived across the Atlantic Ocean. One lived in England, the other in France. They had learned from explorers and hunters that Indiana was a country worth fighting for. However, it was more valuable than either of these kings supposed.

The French king had already built a few forts on Indiana soil. The most important one was at Vincennes. After a long war, the French king was defeated, and the English gained possession of the French forts in Indiana. The result was that Vincennes came under English rule.

It is well for us who live in Indiana that the story does not end here. If it did, the people living in Indiana would still be ruled by a king living in England. While General George Washington was fighting for American independence in the East, something happened right here in the place that is now called Indiana. General Washington did not like to have the English in the fort at Vincennes. So his own home state sent some American soldiers to take the fort away from

the English king. To capture the fort was not an easy task, for the English king had hired several hundred Indians to help his soldiers.

The American soldiers were led by a very brave man. His name is easy to remember, and everybody in Indiana should remember it. His name was George Rogers Clark. He had a brother named William, who was a famous explorer. If you ever visit Indianapolis, you probably will walk right by a fine statue of George Rogers Clark. Clark County is also named for him.

The soldiers under General Clark were just as brave as those in the East under General Washington. It was January when General Clark and his men marched against the fort at Vincennes. Many miles of low ground, covered with water, surrounded the fort. As they marched through the swamps and waded the streams filled with broken ice, they were often in the water up to their shoulders.

There is a story that helps to explain why General Clark was so successful. It is the story of the "Drummer Boy of Vincennes." It is said that when General Clark's soldiers were tired, hungry, and discouraged, and were about to give up the struggle, this little drummer boy saved the day. He was too small to wade the high water, so a big strong soldier, in order to keep the boy and drum out of the water, placed them upon his broad shoulders and started forward. The stirring music of the drum gave the soldiers new strength and courage.

Two Kings Fight for Indiana



The English soldiers tried very hard to hold the fort, but in a few days they had to surrender. General Clark and his men, led by the drummer boy, marched into the fort and raised the American flag amid the cheers of the American settlers, who had been loyal to the American cause.

The English soldiers were removed from Vincennes, and never again was it threatened by them nor by the soldiers of any other king.

A NEW SISTER WITH EIGHTEEN OLDER SISTERS

The state of Indiana was born in 1816 at Corydon. In that year some men who lived in what is Indiana met at Corydon under a fine elm tree. There they made a few laws which all the people promised to obey. These laws were so just and fair that Indiana soon became a state along with eighteen older states. These laws were called the Constitution. The elm tree under which they were made is now called the Constitutional Elm.

While these men were making Indiana's first laws, other men near by were building the first state house. In fact, the man who was chairman was also looking after the workmen on the building. While acting as chairman, he was often called away by the workmen to decide some question which they did not understand.

The old state house is still in use by the people of Harrison County. The county superintendent of schools has his office in the second story.

The state capital was moved from Corydon to Indianapolis eight years later, in 1824. The records and what little money there was on hand were hauled overland by oxen. It took nearly three weeks to make the journey.

The boys and girls of Corydon are very proud of their famous tree, and always take great pleasure in showing it to strangers who happen to visit their interesting little city. During the years it has seen many changes take place, and no doubt, if it could talk, it could tell some interesting stories. This elm sheltered the Indians while they built their wigwams on the banks of Big Indian Creek, which flows near by. Other trees have been cut down and the land cleared, but the Constitutional Elm was left standing.

This tree was tall and stalwart when the War of 1812 was fought. It was sturdy and vigorous during the Mexican War. It saw the marshaling of troops and heard the roll of drums as the boys in blue marched away during the Civil War. It saw the boys when they went to Cuba. And it was still strong and vigorous when Indiana's sons took their places in the World War.

This old elm has seen Indiana grow from a vast wilderness into a rich state. The pioneer cabins it first looked upon have long since been replaced with splendid homes. It was here long before the first railroad was built and now it is startled by the noise of a passing train. It has seen the coming of the automobile, the flying machine, and a thousand other useful and important inventions.

Such is the story of this fine old elm which stands bowing its branches to the winter winds and sending forth its leaves in the spring as it has been doing for

more than a hundred years. During this time Indiana and her eighteen older sister states have been joined by twenty-nine younger sisters, giving Uncle Sam a happy family of forty-eight states in all.

THE VERY OLDEST BUILDINGS IN INDIANA

The buildings that I am going to tell you about were not made of brick, stone, or wood. Long before anyone now living can remember, there lived in this country a people who were called Mound Builders. Even the Indians did not know anything about these people. The little that is known about them has been discovered by examining the relics found in large mounds which they made.

These mounds were built of earth and were fashioned into many shapes. Some were cone-shaped. Others were circular. One of the largest ones was made to represent a serpent. This one is located in the state of Ohio.

It is thought by those who have made a study of Indian mounds that they were made for different purposes. Some may have been used as places of worship. Human bones have been found in some mounds, so it is thought that these were used for burial places. Other mounds may have been used as forts to protect the Mound Builders against attacks from their enemies.

Near Anderson there is a group of these mounds. They were built a long time ago, for now great forest trees are growing upon them. These mounds are built in the shape of a large ring with an opening to

the center. The Mound Builders could walk through the opening from the outer ring to the center, where perhaps they met for worship. One of the mounds was not completed. It seems likely that the worshipers left suddenly without finishing their task. Perhaps they were driven away by some unfriendly tribe or they moved on to a more favorable place.

Those who built these mounds have long since passed away. All that is left to tell the story of a people that lived in this country are these buildings of earth and a few relics. Some day you may be able to visit one of these mounds and find out more about them for yourself.

A-BEAR-WITH-HIS-TAIL-CUT-SHORT

Did you ever go out camping? If you did, were there any bears, wolves, or Indians where you camped? The first white man to visit Allen County was a camper. He camped out all the while, except when he lived with the Indians in their wigwams.

More than a hundred years ago this white man came with two friendly Indians in a canoe up the Maumee River from Lake Erie. They came up this river as far as they could. Here they found a small Indian village called Ke-ki-on-ga. All Indian names mean something. Ke-ki-on-ga means a-bear-with-his-tail-cut-short.

After a while more white men came, who drove nearly all the Indians away. One of the leaders of these white men was a general named Anthony Wayne. He was sometimes called "Mad Anthony," because he was such a daring soldier.

While George Washington was President, the soldiers under General Wayne built a fort near the Indian village. They called it Fort Wayne, in honor of their leader. Fort Wayne is now one of the three largest cities in Indiana.

If you ever visit Fort Wayne, you should be sure to see Old Fort Place, a short street where you will find many interesting "markers," which tell the visitor

about the early history of the city. But first of all, you should write a little story about your own city or county.

There are many Indian names in our state. Often we find lakes and rivers with Indian names. Some people regret that we do not have more Indian names than we do. But I doubt if the boys and girls of Fort Wayne would care to change the name of their city to Ke-ki-on-ga.

To the Teacher:— Call the children's attention to the *portage*, or carrying place, from the Maumee to the headwaters of the Wabash.

A THOUSAND JEWELS

Sometimes we may be too close to an object to see its beauty. A mountain is more beautiful at a distance of a few miles than close by.

In the northern part of Indiana are over a thousand small lakes. People who go up in airplanes say that these lakes, as they lie sparkling in the sunlight amid the forests and green fields, look like jewels. These jewels belong to all the people of Indiana.

Would you like to know how these lakes were made? Well, since they have been so much a part of the life of the people living near them, I will tell you what certain wise men, called scientists, say about them.

These wise men tell us that many, many years ago, long before even the Indians or Mound Builders were here, a strange thing happened. We are told that at that time a great ice sheet pushed its way across part of Indiana. It came from the north and reached a few miles south of Indianapolis. They say it was several hundred miles wide and more than a mile thick. It was so heavy that when it moved slowly over the solid rock, it ground off pieces of the rock and carried them along in its course. The finest parts of the rock are the clay soil. In some places the coarser parts were left as great banks of gravel, which is now used in making roads. It also formed great beds of sand.

When the ice sheet melted, it left the ground very uneven. In the low places lakes were soon formed. None of these lakes is very large or very deep. Many cottages have been built around them and during the summer months people who wish to spend their vacations near the water live in them. On some of the lakes are small launches, which are built to carry passengers on pleasure trips. Sometimes, when the weather is very cold, the lakes freeze over and then the young people have fine sport skating.

All the lakes are named. It is interesting to note that many have been given Indian names. Some of the most important lakes are Maxinkuckee, Manitou, Winona, and Wawasee. One is called Hogback. One of the largest, and certainly one of the most beautiful, is Lake James, near Angola.

You will be glad to know that wise drainage laws protect these beautiful lakes from being lowered. The people do not want these jewels, given to them by a wise Creator, taken from them.

LOST IN A CAVE

Among the hills of southern Indiana are many interesting caves. One of these caves, near Bloomington, is called Truits Cave. This is not a large cave, but many interesting stories have been told about it. Some people said that bears had used it for a home. One old man declared that it was a snakes' den. Many believed that money had been hidden there, and that sometime it would be found. But the story which excited the boys most was that it had been the hiding place for a band of robbers.

One day, four boys who had heard these stories decided to find out for themselves what really was in this cave. So the next day the boys met by agreement, and were soon on their way to explore the cave. It was in the early spring. The sky was clear and the weather warm. It was just the time of year when boys like to roam about. After walking about four miles across the fields they came to the opening of the cave.

The boys had expected to find a big door leading into the cave, but instead there was only a small opening, just large enough to let one person enter at a time. Once inside, the boys lighted some of the candles with which they had provided themselves, and began their exploration. Everything was new and strange. They had never seen anything like it before. In some places

the passageway was very small. In other places there were great rooms with roof, walls, and floor of solid rock. In one room a stream of water was flowing. In another, hundreds of bats were found. These queer little animals were much disturbed by the light and flew wildly about.

Strange rock formations were found everywhere. To these the boys gave fanciful names. One they called The Castle; another, The Palace. There was one group of these figures that they called The Hall of Fame. At one place they carved their names on the wall in bold letters. They went about from room to room, hoping that they might find the hidden gold. But in this they were disappointed.

At last they decided to go home. Their candles were almost gone. They wandered about for some time trying to retrace their steps. They had failed to mark their way as they came in, and now they did not know which way to turn. They soon realized that they were lost, and became very much frightened. All but one of the candles were gone. Something had to be done at once or they would be left in darkness. So they joined hands, the largest boy in front, holding the candle above his head to light the way. After following the wall for some distance they came to an opening which they remembered having seen soon after they entered the cave. Here their last candle burned out. By this time they were thoroughly frightened. Just then a rush of fresh air, evidently from the outside, blew in



LOST IN TRUITS CAVE

their faces. Still, hand in hand, they went on in the darkness as rapidly as they could. In a little while the boy who was leading the way felt a turn in the wall. As soon as they had passed that turn, much to their relief, they could see the light of the entrance to the cave. In a few minutes more the boys were out in the open air.

They had been in the cave a long time and it was growing late. They hurried away and reached their homes just as the sun was going down. They were hungry and tired out, but had had a very thrilling experience to tell their friends.

MEN AND TREES

The oldest living thing on earth as far as we know is a tree. Some of the giant trees of California were large trees when the Three Wise Men came to visit Bethlehem. Of course, you know how long ago that was.

The largest tree in Indiana is a sycamore tree near Worthington in Greene County. This tree is more than forty-two feet around.

You already know about the Constitutional Elm at Corydon. Another fine old elm is standing exactly in the middle of one of the streets of Auburn. It is so large that its branches extend over the two houses standing on opposite sides of the street.

Many years ago some gypsies camped under the Auburn Elm. They carelessly built a fire so close to its base that a bad scar was made on one side of the fine old tree. Because the people of Auburn love their old elm, they are helping the tree to heal the scar.

Trees give us welcome shade in summer and furnish material for our houses in winter. They also make homes for birds, which are among our greatest friends. Perhaps you can think of other uses of trees.

Many years ago a poor young man came to Auburn. He made very useful things from trees. He made buggies. Afterwards he made automobiles. He built the first buggies in a room of the house in which he

lived. He put honest work and good materials into his buggies, so he soon began to prosper. Later he built a large factory and employed many men. He was growing like a tree, strong and sound, and doing good to others. While he was living he gave a beautiful library and a fine Y. M. C. A. building to his city. His memory is still as green and beautiful as the old elm.

NOTE. — Charles Eckhart was one of the pioneer manufacturers of Indiana. During the last twenty or more years of his life he devoted much of his time and money to helping his fellow men.

CHIEF KO-KAH-MAH

Many years ago there lived an Indian whose name was Ko-Kah-Mah. His home was a wigwam built on a hill. The hill was so steep on one side that it was very hard to climb. On the other side it sloped gradually off to the level ground. A beautiful stream flowed near the foot of the hill. The name of this stream was Wildcat.

Ko-Kah-Mah played in the forests near his father's wigwam. He also enjoyed paddling up and down the stream in his bark canoe, which his father had made for him.

There were many wild animals in the forest and Ko-Kah-Mah soon learned how to hunt them with his bow and arrow. It was not long before he became a very good shot. He often brought home a wild turkey for his mother to cook. Ko-Kah-Mah wore moccasins so that he could walk through the forest without making very much noise. It was hard to get close to a deer, for at the least noise the deer would run away. One day Ko-Kah-Mah succeeded in creeping up close to one while it was drinking from the stream. He killed the deer and that night he had venison for supper.

This Indian boy grew to be very big and strong. At one time he came upon two bears and killed both of them. Because he was so strong and brave his people

Chief Ko-kah-mah



thought he should be made chief. This displeased Peter Cornstalk, another member of his tribe, who thought he himself should be made chief. He was older than Ko-Kah-Mah and had been a brave warrior. The other Indians did not want him to be their chief because he was so cruel. This made Peter Cornstalk very angry, so he decided to kill Ko-Kah-Mah or drive him away from his home.

Peter Cornstalk waited until he found Ko-Kah-Mah all alone and then he tried to strike him with his hatchet, but Ko-Kah-Mah was too quick for him. He knocked Peter down, took away his hatchet, and sent him howling with pain into the forest. From that time on Ko-Kah-Mah was called chief.

The first white settlers who knew Ko-Kah-Mah could not pronounce his name, so they called him Kokomo. Chief Kokomo lived to be old and when he died he was buried on the hill where he had lived so long.

The pioneers liked the name Kokomo so well that they gave it to the little town which was built on the same ground where Chief Kokomo's wigwam stood. This town has grown to be a prosperous city. It was here, many years afterward, that the first automobile in America was built.

What do you think Chief Kokomo would do if he could come back for one day and see how everything has been changed? The trees have been cut away, the wild animals are all gone, and homes and factories now

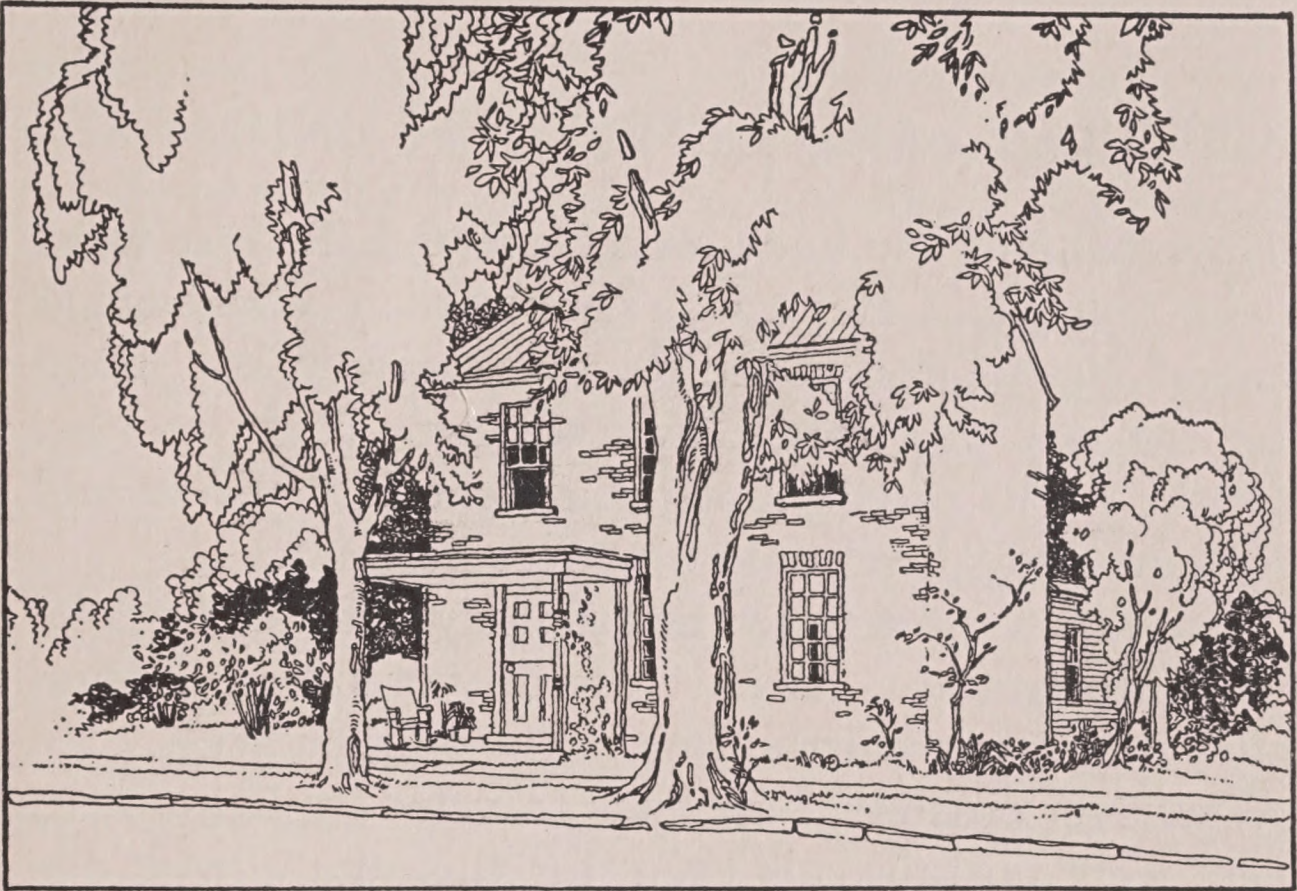
stand where he used to hunt. Don't you think he would be startled at the shriek of whistles, surprised at dashing automobiles, and frightened at the whirring airplanes? No doubt he would prefer to return to his happy hunting ground.

“NO LICKIN’, NO LARNIN’”

The title to this story is a very poor motto, as you will agree. But that is just what Pete Jones said when Ralph Hartsook was hired to teach the district school. But we must remember that Pete Jones could read and write only a very little. He could scarcely write his own name.

Many people used to think just as Pete Jones thought. So I am going to tell you about one of the men that made these people change their minds. You will be glad to remember this man’s name. His first name is Edward, and his last name is Eggleston. Mr. Eggleston got everybody to laughing at Mr. Jones and his foolish notion. He put him in a book called “The Hoosier Schoolmaster.” Of course there were many other people in this book, some of them just as strange as Mr. Jones. There were also some people in this book whom you would like. Everybody thought well of Ralph Hartsook, the teacher, but nobody liked Pete Jones.

The more people thought about what Edward Eggleston had said in his book, the more they disliked Mr. Jones and his notions, and the more they tried to have good schools. They built good schoolhouses and hired kind and skillful teachers. They furnished plenty of good books and maps and even bought swings



HOUSE WHERE EDWARD EGGLESTON WROTE “THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER”

and merry-go-rounds for the children. Mr. Eggleston died many years ago, but if you ever visit the town of Vevay, be sure to see the house where your friend lived when he wrote “The Hoosier Schoolmaster.” However, do not forget to read his book just as soon as you can. Yes, and do not forget to be really thankful that Indiana has no longer men like Pete Jones running the schools.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE VISITS INDIANA

How many of you know who General Lafayette was? I will tell you. He was a Frenchman who helped General Washington in the Revolutionary War. Long after the war was over, Lafayette came again to visit America. The people thought a great deal of him and gave him a royal welcome wherever he went.

Lafayette wanted to see the country west of the Allegheny Mountains. So he crossed over into the Ohio Valley and spent a little time in the Middle West.

Whenever possible, Lafayette traveled by steamboat. There were no railroads then, for this was almost one hundred years ago. While on the Ohio River, the boat on which he was traveling met with an accident, near where Evansville is now located. Lafayette, with many other distinguished persons, was on the steamboat, *Mechanic*, which was going up the river. It was in the month of May. The weather was warm and pleasant. The party of travelers had been enjoying the trip and at a late hour had retired for the night. The captain of the boat was on deck, peering into the darkness to see if there were any dangers ahead. Suddenly the boat struck a snag, and immediately began to settle. Many of the passengers were thrown out of their bunks by the violent shock. Some one cried, "The boat is sinking!" Immediately the pas-

sengers were panic-stricken. The night was very dark and it was very difficult to see where to go.

Lafayette was a brave man, but this was a new experience for him. At first he was a little confused. When he attempted to climb over the side of the steamboat into a small boat, which was to take him to the shore, he fell overboard. The water was flowing very swiftly, and he was almost drowned before he could be rescued by the boatmen. In the excitement, all his effects, including eight thousand dollars in cash were lost in the river.

Some days later, Lafayette stopped at Madison and there presented the people with a large picture of himself. This picture can now be seen in the Lanier Museum of that city.

Not long after his visit to Indiana, Lafayette returned to France, but he never forgot his experience on a steamboat on the Ohio River.

NOTE. — On General Lafayette's visit to the United States, 1824, as a public guest by invitation of Congress, that body voted him a grant of \$200,000 and a township of land.

One of the ninety-two counties in Indiana is named Lagrange in honor of General Lafayette's family estate in France.

A GOOD PLACE FOR A PICNIC

In the southern part of Indiana near the Ohio River is a beautiful waterfall. It is on a small stream near Madison. For many years the water from this small stream has been cutting away rock until a deep gorge has been made. In some places the rock in the bed of the stream is very hard. In other places it is quite soft. Where the rock is soft it has been worn away and the hard rock still remains. When the water comes leaping down over these rocks, it forms the beautiful Clifty Falls.

In winter the water freezes, covering the falls with an icy coat which sparkles in the sunlight. In summer the falls are shaded by many trees which cover the hillsides.

Clifty Falls is a delightful place. During the summer months many people come here to spend a day in the cool shade of the trees and to see the falls. The place no doubt is more attractive in autumn, when the leaves are beginning to turn, than at any other season of the year. At this time Nature, with her many colors, presents a scene that no artist has ever been able to paint.

The state of Indiana has purchased four hundred acres of land around Clifty Falls and is making it into a beautiful park. No one is allowed to cut away the trees or to destroy the falls.

There are hundreds of places in Indiana quite as

beautiful as Clifty Falls. Perhaps you know about some of them. Why not surprise your teacher by writing a story about the one you like best?

If you go by train to Madison to see Clifty Falls, you will ride over the first railroad built in Indiana. Just before the train reaches Madison, it stops on the top of a very high hill. Here, the regular engine is taken off, and an engine with very low drive-wheels is put on. This engine holds back the train while going down hill, and pushes it up again a few hours later. It is the only one of its kind in Indiana. It is on this hill that Clifty Falls is located. So, if it were not for this high hill, we would not have either Clifty Falls or this interesting railroad.

TURKEY RUN

There are many beautiful places in Indiana. One of them is Turkey Run, a heavily wooded piece of ground located along Sugar Creek in Parke County. The state has purchased a large tract of land surrounding this place and has turned it into a beautiful park which thousands visit each year.

Sugar Creek runs through the park. Small streams flowing into Sugar Creek have cut their way through the rock, leaving high walls of stone on either side. Some of the gorges are so deep, and the walls hang over so far, that the sunlight never reaches the bottom. Ferns grow in these places in abundance. Trees and underbrush burrow their roots into the cracks of the stone and seem to thrive with but little soil or nourishment. One of these valleys is called Rocky Hollow. It is well named, for one can scarcely follow its winding path because of the huge stones that have fallen into the channel. By following this stream from its mouth to its source, one will finally come out to the open country.

Another of these deep gorges is called Turkey Run. It is from this one that the park derives its name. Here many years ago some hunters found a great drove of wild turkeys. One of the hunters, a boy, killed a very large one. When asked by the others where he killed



THE BIRD THAT GAVE TURKEY RUN ITS NAME

it, he said, "Down at turkey run," and from that time the place has been called by that name.

An old log cabin has been built on the edge of the hill overlooking Sugar Creek. It is an old-fashioned log cabin which is used for a museum, where relics of pioneer days are kept. Near the entrance to the park is a modern hotel. So popular has Turkey Run become that the state is going to build another larger and finer hotel to accommodate the tourists.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

Once upon a time there lived in this country a very strange man. He had no fixed home such as most people have, but traveled about from one place to another. After he had visited all the homes in a neighborhood, he would disappear as completely as if he had been swallowed up by the earth. No one seemed to know just where he went, but after a long time he would suddenly return just as strangely as he had gone away. He liked to live among the pioneers, and it was not many years after he began to make his visits until all the settlers along the border knew him by sight. They called him Johnny Appleseed. He was given this name because he always carried with him wherever he went a leather bag filled with apple seeds.

As he went about from place to place, Johnny planted these seeds in the forest, along the roads, and near the settlements. When his supply of seeds was all gone, he would go to some eastern orchard to get a supply, then he would return again to his work of planting the seeds in the new country. Of course thousands of these seeds grew, and in a few years apple trees could be found here and there, bearing fruit which was free to anyone that happened to pass that way. It was his custom to plant the seeds in the most favored places so

that settlers moving into the new country might have a few apple trees ready for use.

Many times the pioneer in his search for a new home, on discovering an apple tree, would decide to build his cabin near by.



JOHNNY APPLESEED SOWING HIS APPLE SEEDS

Johnny Appleseed was a welcome visitor in every home on the frontier where he was known. In fact the settlers would invite him to stay as long as he could and they would not charge him for lodging. At that time the settlers had no newspapers and the only way they learned the news of the outside world was through some traveler. In addition to his bag of apple seeds,

Johnny carried letters and messages from one community to another. He also was a good story-teller and the boys and girls looked forward to his visits with a great deal of interest. As the years went by his visits grew farther and farther apart. Finally, when it was rumored that he would never return again, all the people who knew him were very sorrowful.

Johnny Appleseed tried to help every one. When he was scattering apple seeds he also was scattering sunshine and happiness.

A LITTLE BOY AND A LONG JOURNEY

We shall call the boy Lee. His real name was Lemonsky. Lee was born in a far country called Poland. When he was about twelve years old, a great war was being waged among many countries in Europe. One day when Lee was helping his father in the field they were surrounded by some soldiers, who demanded that the father give them all his horses and cattle. This he refused to do, whereupon the soldiers killed the father, took the horses, drove away the cattle, and made Lee prisoner.

He with many others was taken to Paris and placed in prison. He immediately planned to escape, a very difficult and dangerous thing to try because the prison walls were strong and well guarded. Lee pretended to be contented with his prison life and made friends with the guards. One night his keeper fell asleep and Lee slipped the keys from the keeper's belt. Then he unlocked the prison door, stepped outside, and fled into the darkness. He did not know where to go, but he was sure that he must go as far away from that prison as possible. After wandering around for several days, he came to the seashore, where there were boats ready to sail. He was afraid of being caught and sent back to prison, so he hid on one of the ships that was bound for America.

The ship had not gone very far when Lee came out of his hiding place. He was very pale and weak, for he had had little to eat since he had left the prison. He was taken to the captain, who was very angry and who threatened to place Lee in chains, but changed his mind when he saw how nearly starved the boy was. He was given something to eat, and after a few days of rest he regained his strength.

Lee was very lonely, because he could not speak the same language as the other passengers. However, he was eager to learn, and before the ship landed he was able to understand many things that were said to him. He was so willing to help everybody that it was not long before he had made friends with everyone on the ship. There was one Frenchman and his wife, who were moving to America, that took a particular liking to him. They had lost their only boy in the war and they asked the captain if they might take him as their own child. The captain gave his consent, and when the boat reached America, Lee went with the French family to make his future home near Charleston, where the vessel had landed.

At first this family did not prosper. Finally they moved farther west and settled close to the Ohio River near New Albany. Here they built their new home along with many others who came to live in the Middle West.

Lee liked his new home very much. He went to school and soon learned to speak and read the English

language. Of all his subjects he liked history best and he never grew tired of reading about this new country. During the summer he helped with the farm work. When he grew to be a man, he moved to New Albany.

Although Lee often thought about his old home, he never wanted to go back there to live. He loved this new country and here he lived for years, a very useful citizen.

NOTE. — Pulaski County and Kosciusko County are named in honor of Polish heroes.

A BRAVE INDIAN

A few years before Indiana became a state many white settlers moved in. They brought their household goods with them and were prepared to make this new country their home. They cut away the forests, built their cabins, and cultivated the fields. The Indians were very much alarmed when they saw that soon all their hunting grounds would be gone. Each year saw new settlers. At last the Indians could stand it no longer, so they decided to keep the white people from coming in.

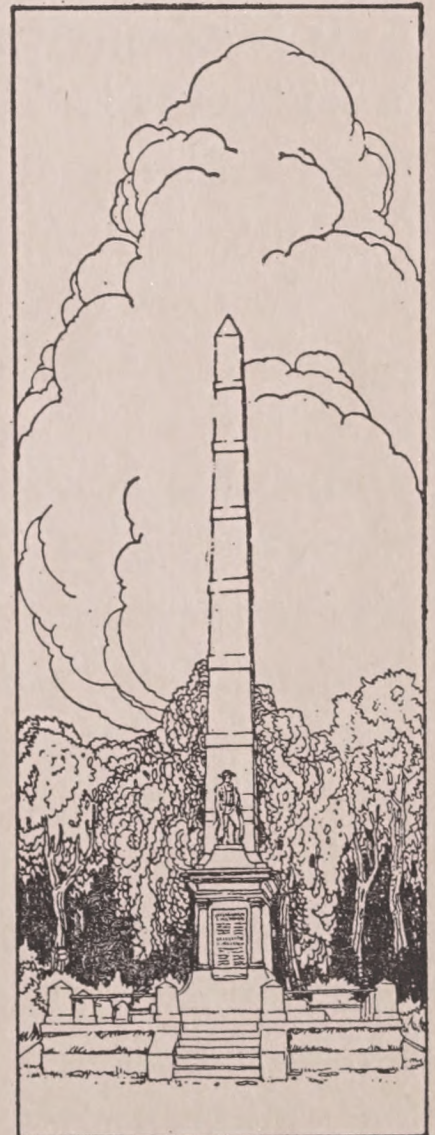
Tecumseh was the leader of the Indians. He was a brave warrior. He first went to General Harrison, who was Governor of Indiana Territory, and warned him that it would not be safe for the settlers to take any more of the land. General Harrison explained that the white settlers were not seeking war, but that they wanted to build their homes there and were willing to pay for the land. Tecumseh went away feeling very bitter toward the whites. He then planned to destroy the settlements.

When General Harrison heard that the Indians were planning to attack the settlers, he set out with about nine hundred soldiers to break up an Indian camp at Prophetstown, where there were many Indians living. After marching many days he arrived at the camp. Te-

cumseh was not there, but his brother, the Prophet, sent word to General Harrison that the Indians were willing to make a treaty and to smoke the pipe of peace. General Harrison was not deceived by such fine words. He knew he must be ready for an attack at any time. He marched his men about a mile from the village to a high piece of ground, where he prepared to camp for the night. Although the Indians seemed very friendly, he told his men to sleep with their guns ready for instant use.

The night was very dark. Everything was quiet until early the next morning. Suddenly the Indians, yelling like madmen, rushed into camp intending to kill the soldiers as they slept. At the first attack the soldiers were confused, but as soon as it was light enough for them to see, they charged the Indians with fixed bayonets. The Indians could not withstand the attack and fled.

During the battle the Prophet stood on a high rock, chanting Indian war songs and encouraging his warriors. He told them that they would be successful and that the white settlers would be driven out of the country. But his warriors



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT
AT TIPPECANOE

were gradually driven back. When they saw they were defeated, they deserted their Prophet and fled, closely pursued by the soldiers. Only in a few cases did the Indians ever again dispute the rights of the settlers in Indiana.

This was called the battle of Tippecanoe. It was fought on the 7th of November, 1811, near Lafayette. The battle ground is now inclosed by an iron fence. A fine monument is erected within these grounds in memory of the soldiers who fell here.

It is a beautiful place and you would enjoy spending a few hours looking over the grounds.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

A long time ago the people living in the southern states owned slaves. They worked in the cotton fields and lived in little cabins located on their masters' land. These slaves were bought and sold in the slave market just like so many horses or cattle. Sometimes mothers were sold away from their children. Often husband and wife were separated and never saw each other again.

Many people in the northern states thought slavery was wrong. Many of them let it be known that they would assist any runaway slave to gain his freedom. If a slave succeeded in getting north into Canada, he was free and could never be returned to his former master.

Of course slaves could not travel all this distance alone without some help. So they had to depend upon certain people along the way for food and protection. This system of travel was called the "underground railroad." The different communities were called the "stations." Those who guided the slaves from one station to another were called "conductors."

The slaves usually traveled during the night. During the day they were kept concealed in some barn or straw stack. These trips were very exciting, for the slaves never knew when they might be overtaken by their master.

As soon as it was discovered that a slave had escaped, the master would set out on horseback to overtake and bring back the slave if possible. Sometimes the slaves were recaptured very easily before they had gone far, but many were successful in gaining their freedom. Many interesting stories have been told of the runaway slaves who traveled across Indiana on their way to Canada.

The following incident happened in our state. It was told by the man who helped the runaway slaves to escape.



AIDING SLAVES TO ESCAPE

One dark night some slaves came to the door of a station master and asked for food and protection. He led them past the house and hid them in a thicket some distance beyond. His wife prepared a good meal for them and everything seemed to be going well. Soon the slave owner rode up in front of the house and inquired of the station master if he had seen any slaves pass that way. This was a trying moment for him, because he did not want the slave master to know where the slaves were hidden. So he said, "Yes sir, I saw some slaves pass my house not more than a half hour ago." The slave owner thanked the man for the information and rode right past the place where the slaves were hidden. The station master knew that the slave owner, just as soon as he discovered that he was on the wrong road, would return and search his premises. The slaves were loaded into a wagon, covered with straw, and driven as rapidly as possible to the next station, twenty miles away. A different road was taken from the one followed by the slave owner. It was not long after the slaves had left the station that the slave owner returned thoroughly worn out and very angry. He searched the house and barn. When the slaves could not be found, he rode away and was never seen there again.

THE UNWRITTEN STORY

There is an unwritten story that all of you will want to know about. A few pages of this story have already been written. However, it has not been completed and will not be as long as you live. That is a strange story, isn't it? Are you wondering what it is all about? It is your part in the history of Indiana.

If you were writing just a "make-believe" story, you could change it to suit your fancy. But writing a history story is quite different.

You will be interested not only in your own unwritten story but also in the stories of your playmates. Each one will be different from all the rest. There will be stories of farmers, doctors, teachers, ministers, nurses, miners, and many others. I can imagine what a lot of pleasure the boys and girls who read this book are going to have in writing these unwritten stories.

The stories of the early settlers were usually the stories of useful people. We are proud and thankful for these pioneers. They were good Hoosiers. They came here when there were no roads, no houses, nothing but the great forest, wild animals, and Indians. They moved here in covered wagons, and brought with them only a few household articles. They cleared the land, built their homes, and cultivated the fields. The land in many places was swampy, and ditches had to be

dug. The roads were often nothing more than trails through a forest.

Not all the people that came to Indiana in the early days could stand the hardships. Some were overtaken by disease, and some went back to their homes in the East. But many remained faithful to their task and gave to us this well-improved country where we live. Surely, to these pioneers we owe a great debt. How would you suggest that it be paid?

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